

THE  
L A U R E L,

*A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SONGS,*

COMPOSED BY

*Mr Joseph Bailldon,*

For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

*Book 2.*

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L O N D O N:

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Sung by Miss Stevenson.

Andante Larghetto.

When Spring with ra-diant smiles ap-  
-pear'd, Un-lock'd the ground, and warm'd the earth, Un-lock'd the ground, and warm'd the earth, Its gol-den head a  
Cro-cus rear'd, And thank'd her for - its recent Birth, Its gol-den head a Cro-cus rear'd, And  
thank'd her for - its re - cent Birth.

The Primrose, which around it blow'd,  
Its radiance view'd with pallid face,  
And wonder'd Nature had bestow'd  
On such a Flow'r so sweet a Grace.

Its beauties caught Clarinda's Eyes,  
Who wond'ring view'd its gaudy hue,  
And striving to engross the Prize,  
Crop'd its fair form and kill'd it too.

Vivace.

Ye Fair, who lift - en while I sing, And here a - muse the fleet - ing hour; Remember Youth is Na - ture's

Spring, And Beau - ty but a tran - sient Flow'r, Sy. Ye Fair who lift - en while I

sing, And here a - muse the fleet - ing hour, Re - member, Sy. Re - member, Sy. Remember Youth is Nature's

Spring, And Beauty but a tran - sient Flow'r, Sy. Ye Fair, who lift - en while I

sing, And here a - muse the fleet - ing hour; Remem - ber Youth is Na - ture's spring, And Beau - ty but a tran - sient Flow'r, And

Beau - ty but a tran - sient Flow'r, Sy.

(93)

# A DESCRIPTION.

Sung by Miss Stevenfon.

To the Lilly's

milk white Glow, Add the Rose bud e'er it blow; To Raphaels touch and Ty - tians dye, Add Cor-regio's Symmetry. Sy.

Iv'ry bring from Affric's Shore, Corals thence where Billows roar, E - ho - ny and Shi - ning Jet, All be in the Casket met, Sy.

E - ho - ny and shining Jet, All all be in the Casket met. Sy.

2

In Arabia's Land exhale,  
 Odours from the Spicy Gale;  
 Rich Perfumes from India bring,  
 Catch the Meadows sweets in Spring;  
 More the Picture to adorn  
 Draw the Blushes of the Morn;  
 In Auroras flowing Veft,  
 Lightly be the Damfel drest.

3

Shape and Air of Venus show,  
 Let the Graces smiles bestow;  
 Lastly to compleat the whole,  
 Give the Nymph Minerva's Soul;  
 These, the Poets all declare,  
 Constitute the Charming Fair;  
 But, alas! she's only found  
 In Poets Song, and Fairy Ground.



Oh

Betty wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor figh to leave the flaunting Town; Can si-lent Glens have Charms for thee, The lowly Cott, and rus-set Gown.

Nae langer drest in Silken sheen, Nae langer deck'd wi' Jew-els rare; Say canst thou quit each

Courty Scene Where thou was fair-est of the Fair, Where thou was fairest of the Fair.

2

O Betty when thou'rt far awa;  
Wilt thou not cast a With behind?  
Say canst thou face the flaky Snaw,  
Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
Can that fast and gentlest Mien  
Sovereign hardships learn to bear,  
Nor regret each courty Scene,  
Where thou was fairest of the Fair?

3

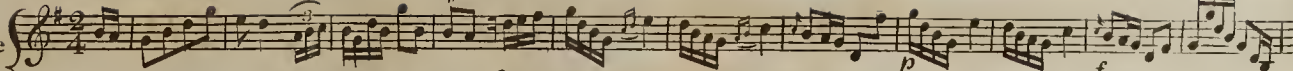
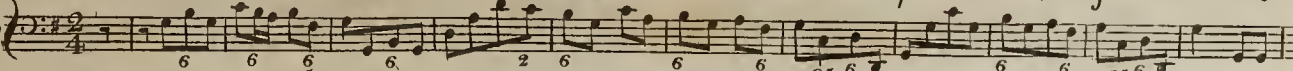
O Betty canst thou love so true,  
Thro' Perils kean wi' me to gae?  
Or when thy Swain unhap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe?  
And when invading Pains befall  
Wilt thou assume the Nurses care,  
Nor, wishful, those gay Scenes recall,  
Where thou was fairest of the Fair?

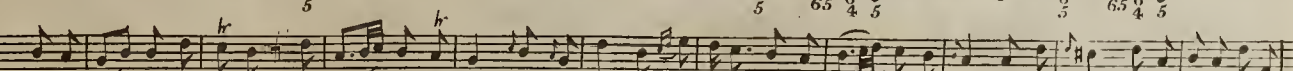
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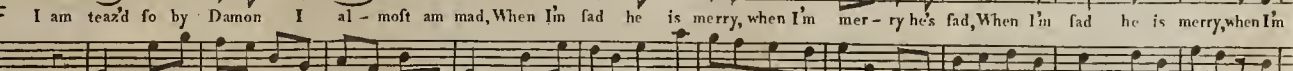
And when at last thy Love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting Breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh?  
And cheer with smiles the Bed of Death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd Clay  
Strew Flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,  
Nor then regret those Scenes so gay,  
Where thou was fairest of the Fair?


Sung by Miss Stevenson.

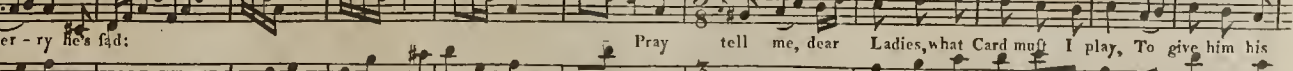
7

Andante  

Allegro 

 I am teaz'd fo by Damon I al - most am mad, When I'm sad he is merry, when I'm mer - ry he's sad, When I'm sad he is merry, when I'm

 mer - ry he's sad; Sy. Pray tell me, dear Ladies, what Card must I play, To give him his

 answer and send him a - way, To give him his answer and send him a - way. Sy.

2

When I tell him I hate him, he will not believe,  
And though I should swear it, he'll think I deceive;  
Pray tell me, &c.

3

When I smile he grows saucy and says that I Love,  
When I chide him he's pleas'd, and he calls me his Dove;  
Pray tell me, &c.

4

I have told him his fight I cannot endure,  
He replies, then I love him, from thence, he is sure;  
Pray tell me, &c.

5

Whatever he praises I always do blame,  
He says contradictions a Cloak to my flame;  
Pray tell me, &c.

6

I reject all his Presents, and send back his lines,  
He receives them again and he never repines,  
Pray tell me, &c.

7

But since his chief pleasure is only to tease,  
For once I'll ootwit him and say his tricks please;  
And when with my Damon this Card I shall play,  
He may tease if he will, but he shan't get away.

## CUPID and CHLOE.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

Allegro

As Cupid on a Summers day, Beneath a  
Myrtle shade, Tird with some I-dle am'rous play, Reclin'd his weary head, As Cupid on a Summers day, Beneath a Myrtle shade, Tird with some I-dle  
am'rous play, Reclin'd his weary head, Tird with some I-dle am'rous play, Reclin'd his weary head.

Young Chloe chanc'd that way to rove,  
To sooth her anxious cares,  
Tell gentle Echo of her Love,  
And whisper all her fears.

Surpriz'd she spy'd the little Boy  
Hid in the clofe retreat,  
His Bow infrung, his Arrows too  
Lie scatter'd round his feet.

Then straight this vagrant to enfnare,  
She rang'd all round the Grove,  
Pluck'd up the Pinks and Lillies fair,  
And bound the God of Love.

Poor Cupid try'd his hands to move,  
He try'd alas! in vain,  
Thrice flutter'd with his wings and strove  
To break the fragrant Chain.

But when he saw her snowy Breast,  
Her Lips and sparkling Eyes,  
Pleas'd there to find so sweet a Nest  
He thus in transport cries.

Another Love let Venus gain,  
'Tis here I'll fix my Sway,  
More Conquests then shall grace my reign,  
And Gods my pow'r obey.

## SONG.

Andante

Allegro

Tho' Diamonds shine brighter than Jenny's bright Eyes, And her Cheeks are out blund'd by the Rose, Tho' no Flowrets a-round her sweet steps deign to



rise, And her Skin is not whiter than Snow, Tho' Diamonds shine brighter than Jennys bright Eyes & her Cheeks are outblinded by the Flays  
 Tho' her voice is not sweeter than Philomels  
 Nor her lips with ambrosia distill  
 Tho' the Muses have never grown fond of her,  
 Nor Apollo hath envied her Quill, I shall  
 Yet her charms are as great as a Woman can  
 And her virtues are equall'd by few  
 She's too good for a Belle, she's too wild for a  
 And I love her Ay, that's what I do. (Soft)

## THE COMPLAINT.

*Larghetto*  
*Amoroso*  
 e - ver fragrant bloom-ing Flow'rs, Who deck the heart en - rap't ring Bows: Ye verdant honours of the Trees, Fann'd by Ze - phyr's genial Breeze:  
 Ye tinkling rills who kiss the Grass And sprinkle plenty as ye pass, Ye tinkling rills who kiss the Grass and sprin - gle plen - ty as ye  
 pass. Sy.  
 Ye herd who crop the flow'ry fields,  
 And pleas'd, enjoy what Nature yields;  
 Ye feather'd Songsters of the Grove,  
 Made vocal by the voice of Love;  
 And thou O Sun whose conscious Eye  
 All Nature cheers and gilds the Sky.

2  
 3  
 Say must I midst these lovely Bow'rs,  
 These verdant Trees and blooming Flow'rs  
 These tinkling rills which kiss the Grass,  
 And sprinkle plenty as they pass;  
 For Damon mourn! Ah Damon why?  
 When Tears stood trembling in my Eye.

(93)

*Allattuofo*

Couldst thou, un - mov'd, be - hold my Tear, And burn for fight and grasp the Spear, And burn for fight and grasp the Spear? Pro -

- pitious to thy noble Flame, May Heav'n award thee endless Fame, May Heav'n award thee endless Fame, -

May Heav'n award, May Heav'n a - ward, May Heav'n a - ward thee endless Fame.

Re - turn thee safe from Wars a - larms, And give thee to my longing Arms, May

Heav'n return thee safe from Wars a - larms, may Heav'n re - turn thee safe from Wars a - larms, And give thee, give thee

to my long - ing Arms. Pro - pitious to thy noble Flame, May Heav'n award thee endless Fame, Return thee

(93)

safe from Wars a - larms, from Wars a - larms, And give thee to my longing  
Arms And give thee to my long - ing Arms.

## DIALOGUE.

Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Fromantel.

All<sup>o</sup> And<sup>e</sup>

How im -

- perfect the Joys of the Soul, How in - sipid Life's Jour - ny must be, How un - so - cial the Seasons must roll, To the Wretches who  
dare not be free. How un - so - cial the Seasons must roll, To the Wretch - es who

dare not be free.

Nymph.  
Ev'ry Youth loyal Courage can fire,  
To the fair kind and constant must prove;  
British Maids shall their Merit admire,  
And reward them with Beauty and Love.



## Duetto.

Blooming Plenty shall smile on our Fields, Sweet Con - tentment shall prompt us to sing; And our own be what Indul - try yields,

Blooming Plenty shall smile on our Fields, Sweet Con - tentment shall prompt us to sing; And our own be what Indul - try yields,

Long as George, gracious George, Long as George, gracious George is our King. Sy.

Long as George, gracious George, Long as George, gracious George is our King.

Swain.

Nought but Liberty Life can refine;  
 'Tis the Wreath with which England is crown'd;  
 See we're blest'd with the Oak and the Vine.  
 And we drain the Bowl all the Year round.

Nymph.

Oh, may Honor glow bright in each breast.  
 And the faithless may Infamy brand.  
 To the Nation they always are best  
 Who are true to the Nymphs of the Land.

Duetto.

Blooming Plenty, &amp;c.

Swain.

Let us wake when our Genius inspires.  
 Let no Follies our Virtue enslave;  
 Let us prove ourselves great as our Sires,  
 And rife Britons as glorious as brave.

Nymph.

Let the Sons of Britannia proceed,  
 Let them rouse up revenge if they dare;  
 Still we've Heroes enough that will bleed  
 For their Country their King and the Fair.

Duetto.

Blooming Plenty, &amp;c.



**Song by Miss Stevenfon.**

At-tend ye Nymphs while I impart The secret wishes of my heart, And

Swain, if one there be, Whom Fate de-signs for Love and me, At-tend ye Nymphs, while I impart The

wishes of my heart, And tell what Swain, if one there be, Whom fate de-signs for Love and me.

2	4	6	6	6	6	5	6	5	6	2	4	6	6	6	5	6	2	4
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Let solid Sense inform his mind  
With pure good nature sweetly join'd  
Sure Friend to modest merit be  
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the pensive sigh  
Where Grievs bedew the drooping Eye  
Melting in Sympathy I see  
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let fordid av'rice claim no part  
Within his tender generous Heart  
Oh he that Heart from falsehood free  
Devoted all to Love and me.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Brisk.

Recit.

Hark! the Horn calls away, Come the Grave, come the gay, Wake to Music that wakens the Skies. Quit the bondage of loth and arise.

Allegro

Afsai.

From the

Eaft breaks the Morn, See the Sun beams adorn, The wild Heath and the Mountains fo high, The wild Heath and the Mountains fo high,

Shrilly ope's the staunch lound, The Stead neighs to the found, And the

Floods and the Valleys re - ply, - - - And the Floods and the Valleys re - ply.

2  
Our forefathers, fo good,  
Prov'd their greatness of Blood  
By encount'ring the Pard and the Boar:  
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
Age and Youth urg'd the Chace,  
And taught Woodlands and Forests to roar.

3  
Hence of noble descent,  
Hills and wilds we frequent,  
Where the bosom of Nature's reveal'd:  
Tho' in Life's busy Day,  
Man of Man make a prey,  
Still let ours be the prey of the Field.

4  
With the Chace in full fight,  
Gods! how great the delight!  
How our mortal Sensations refine!  
Where is care? where is fear?  
Like the winds in the rear,  
And the Man's loft in something divine.

5  
Now to horse, my brave boys!  
Lo each pants for the joys,  
That anon shall enliven the whole:  
Then at eve we'll dismount,  
Toils and Pleasures recount,  
And renew the Chace over the Bowl.

Andante  
Allegro

Young Colin fifth - - ing near the Mill, Saw Sally un - - derneath the Hill, Whose heart loves ten - - der pow'r could feel, Whose heart loves ten - - der pow'r could

feel, The Mill was stopt, no Miller there, She smil'd to see the Youth appear, She smil'd to see the Youth ap -

-pear, But turn'd about her Spinning Wheel, But turn'd a - bout her Spinning Wheel.

2  
Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,  
Thy Breath is like the Spring's Perfume;  
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll seal:  
Yon stately Swans, so white and sleek,  
Are like to Sally's Breast and Neck:  
But still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

3  
Tho' fair one, Beauty's transient Pow'r,  
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flow'r,  
Not so where Virtue loves to dwell;  
For where sweet Modesty appears,  
We never see the Vale of Years:  
She smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning Wheel.

4  
The Pomp of State, the Pride of Wealth,  
Says she, I scorn, for Peace and Wealth,  
Where honest Labour earns her Meal:  
Who tells the flatterers common tale,  
Can never o'er my heart prevail,  
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

5  
The Swain, who loves the Virtuous mind,  
Alone can make young Sally kind,  
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,  
It is the Voice says he of Love,  
Come hasten to yon Church above:  
She blush'd and left her Spinning Wheel.



*Allegro* *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

*Andante.* Hark! the Birds be - gin their Lay,

Flow'ets deck the Rohe of May; See the lit - tle Lambkins bound, Playfull o'er the Clover Ground,

While the Heifers sportive low, Where the yel - low Cowslips blow, Sy.

While the sportive Heif - ers low, Where the yel - low Cowslips blow.

2  
Now the Nymphs and Swains advance  
O'er the Lawn, in festive Dance;  
Garlands, from the Hawthorn hough,  
Grace the happy Shepherd's brow:  
While the Lasses, in array,  
Wait upon the Queen of May.

3  
Innocence, Content, and Love,  
Fill the Meadows, and the Grove:  
Mirth, that never wears a frown,  
Health, with sweetness all her own:  
Labour puts on pleasure's smile,  
And pale Care forgets his toil.

4  
Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know?  
Monarchs cannot such bestow!  
Love improves each happy hour:  
Grandeur has not such in store.  
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,  
Happiness is Innocence.

### CUPIDS ARROW.

*Amoroso*

As Chloe ply'd her Needles art, A